It is supposed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a desprate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither armde against my selfe:
Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke,
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne slaughtred youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie:
Thou art not conquerd, bewties ensigne yet
Is crymson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyest thou there in thy bloudie sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
For feare of that I still will stay with thee,
And neuer from this pallat of dym night.
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres,
From this world wearied flesh. eyes looke your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A dateles bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnsauoury guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks, thy seasick weary barke:
Heeres to my Loue, O true Appothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.